"S'Matter, Pop?" By C. M. Payne NOW WASN'T THAT







WHEN IN DOUBT

HERE WILLIE

WHAT DID HE

ALWAYS CONSULT

THE INTERPRETER

I'M SURE IT IS

SOMETHING CUTE











MASTER WILLIE JARR had just time to hide the mouse with a string tied to its tail when his mother came into the dining room.

"What are you looking so guilty this house," about, all of you?" asked Mrs. Jarr, glancing around suspiciously. "I know you are up to some misculef."

"Mrs. Gratch is resting sasier," said Mrs. Jarr. "She thinks she will have a little nap. if accordy disturbs her while

the hot mustard bath?"

Mrs. Jarr nodded an affirmative.

"I, for one, don't care to know," "Why do I have to growled Mr. Jarr. "When is she gother?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I, for one, don't care to know,"

"Why do I have to go out with
growled Mr. Jarr. "When is she going to put on her shoes and hike out
I'd like to lay off on that davenport in
I'm learn daughier of Sir Athur Deans a "I will moun

grambled Mr. Jarr. "Pretty tough have to pay thirty cents for the moving pictures, I think, when a female tramp—pictures and about thirty cents more for candy and soda water." asked Mr.

"Well, then, Mrs. Gratch can't afford

to eat lamb chops in this house." "Very well," said Mrs. Jarr in an in She looked at Mr. Jarr, at Master Jured tone, "you run the house. You Jare and at little Miss Jarr. But they order the things for the table. And were all good sports and gazed back at then when the bills come in don't blame ME. Willie, Emma, cat your codfish."

"I don't wanta!" whined the boy.
"I don't like it!" sniffed the little girl. "Now, be good children and eat what's before you," said Mrs. Jarr. "Your Eat your dinners, children, and you shall go to the moving pictures."



Suffrage Silhouettes 🕲

"Ain't you goin' to join our suffrage club, Angelina?" "Is she still sitting with her feet in father shouldn't act the way he does, sister, an' I couldn't throw a brick to save me life."



By J. K. Bryans

"I'm goin' ter vote for Susie Simp for president of our suffrage club "Goodness, child! We couldn't afford to make her president. She's worn the same gown now for three seasons!"

gaurilet of martyrdom in Washington the day before Inauguration, no one will ever know!" said Mrs. Javr. "I, for one, don't care to know." "Why do I have to go one with take you out after dinner." "Why do I have to go one with

ling to put on her shoes and hike out from this house?"

"I don't know that she can ever put on those hikerette shoes again," said Mrs. Jarr. "As soon as I saw they had common-sense heels I said to her Well, it's no woulder, Mrs. Gratch, you know Mrs. Gratch is on the davenport," said Mrs. Jarr, speaking to dinner one day Laly Toro asis, the first sense again, "You know Mrs. Gratch is on the davenport," said Mrs. Jarr, speaking to dinner one day Laly Toro asis, the first sense again, "You know they won't if thought it was the troop of United States cavalry deploying over her toots, size that did the damage." "Get 'em a suardian, then," growled her feet swell that way," said Mrs. Jarr. "This parent isn't going out of the house this night," "Now, eat your codfish. I'm sure it's 'wou eat your dinner? This picked-up codfish is very tasty." "The side of the viand in question, sense heels," asked Mr. Jarr. "Dit why don't you eat your dinner? This picked-up codfish is very tasty." "The speak of the viand in question, sense heels," asked Mr. Jarr. "Dit why don't you eat your dinner? This picked-up codfish is very tasty." "The speak is not her picked up it would seem it's about as tasty as common-sense heels are comfortable," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "Pretty rough lines. It think, when a feasule transport that way there does the economy come in it's common-sense heels are comfortable," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "Pretty rough lines. It think, when a feasule transport that you can be considered as a sense in the condition they are in "Well and the children in the moving picture of the children in the moving picture in the condition they are in "You know they won't thought the children in the moving picture in the children in the moving picture in the children in the moving picture. "Get 'em a suardian, then," growled her is the children in the moving picture in the children in the moving picture in the children in the moving picture. The picked up a mark to grow strange colors. It is also so the solid mark the last the look in the sin

CHAPTER IV.

There was a pause, a mere whiff of awkwardness.

"I will mount guard outside," went on Jenks. He was trying to improve the edge of the axe by grinding on it with a soft stone.

The girl went into the cave again. She was inquisitive, uneasy.

"That arrangement"—she began, but dended in a sharp cry of terror. The dispossessed birds had returned during the sailor's absence.

"I will kill them," he shouted in anger.

"Please don't. There has been enough of death in this place already."

The words jarred on his cars. Then he felt that she could only allude to the victums of the wreck.

"I was going to say," she explained, "They mud-look to every point of that we must devise a partition. There is no help for it until you construct a sort of house. Candidly, I do not like a sort of house, Candidly, I do not like a performance in the southwest. Here the tree rose behind them until the brow of the prediction of the contract of the southwest. Here the tree rose behind the main the playful reduction of the open through so much the southwest. Here the tree rose behind the was a sort of house. Candidly, I do not like the part the contract of the southwest. Here the tree rose behind the must like brow of the prediction o

Consright, 1913, hs The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

Beauty Secrets By danage Of Famous Women Dupont

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). THE TOILET AIDS OF MONA LISA.

her portrait had not been painted by Leonardo da Vinci, Mona Lisa would never have been heard of. And even as it is, though her olive face with its haunting smile has long been considered one of the few really great masterces of art, we know comparatively

ittle about the fair sitter. This wonderful picture, so history tells us, took over four years to complete. The artist worked upon it only when e felt just in the right mood, and all the while had sweet music played by ome of the best musicians of the city so that the mysterious expression would not fade from the face of the fair lady of Milan.

Leonardo da Vinci was at this time already a very famous man. being the greatest painter of his time, ie was also a sculptor of no mean ability, an architect, a musician and a clev-er engineer. So it was considered an onor for any lady of the day to become his sitter, and no doubt Lisa di Antonio Maria di Woldo Gheradina, the wife of Zanobio del Giocondo, feit it so. Like Lisa was plentifully supplied with names. But she was usually called simply Mona Lisa, Mona being a contraction of Madonna, which used in this way simply means lady. She was also referred to as "La Gioconda," as Glocondo was her husband's name.

It was over four hundred years ago that this great picture was painted. Yet MONA LISA we know a good deal of the unimper-tant details of the life of the people and

even some of the toilet secrets of the ladies of quality. Like their ancestors who founded the Roman Empire the Italians of that day believed thoroughly in the

The old Romans had a saying that a long and pleasant life depended upon two fluids—"wine within and oil without." They used olive oil for rubbles their limbs to make them plump. They rubbed the chest with it. And sometimes, if they were very rich and luxurious, they even bathed in it. They also used it to make the hair more luxuriant.

The fair ladies of Milan in 136, the year when Leonardo was putting the finishing touches to the portrait of Mona Lisa, took as much pains to make themselves attractive as does any good looking woman who has social aspirations to-day. They paid especial attention to

the hair, combed it frequently and anointed it with a tonic composed of equal parts of olive oil and oil of rosemary, which made it grow very long and thick, but, I am afraid, gave it a rather greasy look. But fashions change in bair tonics as well as everything else. chestrats that was considered marvellour for whitening the hands. The nuts

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